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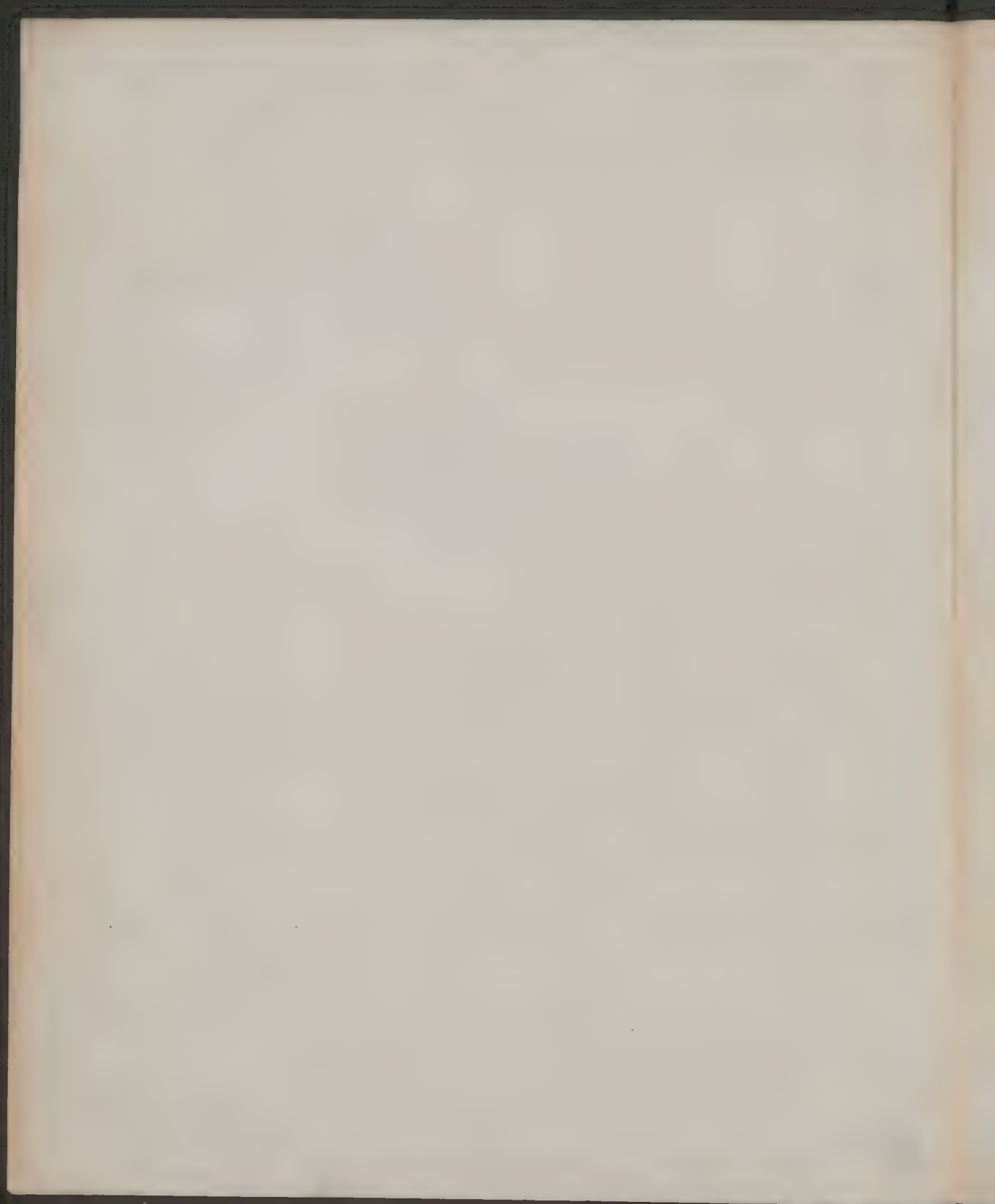
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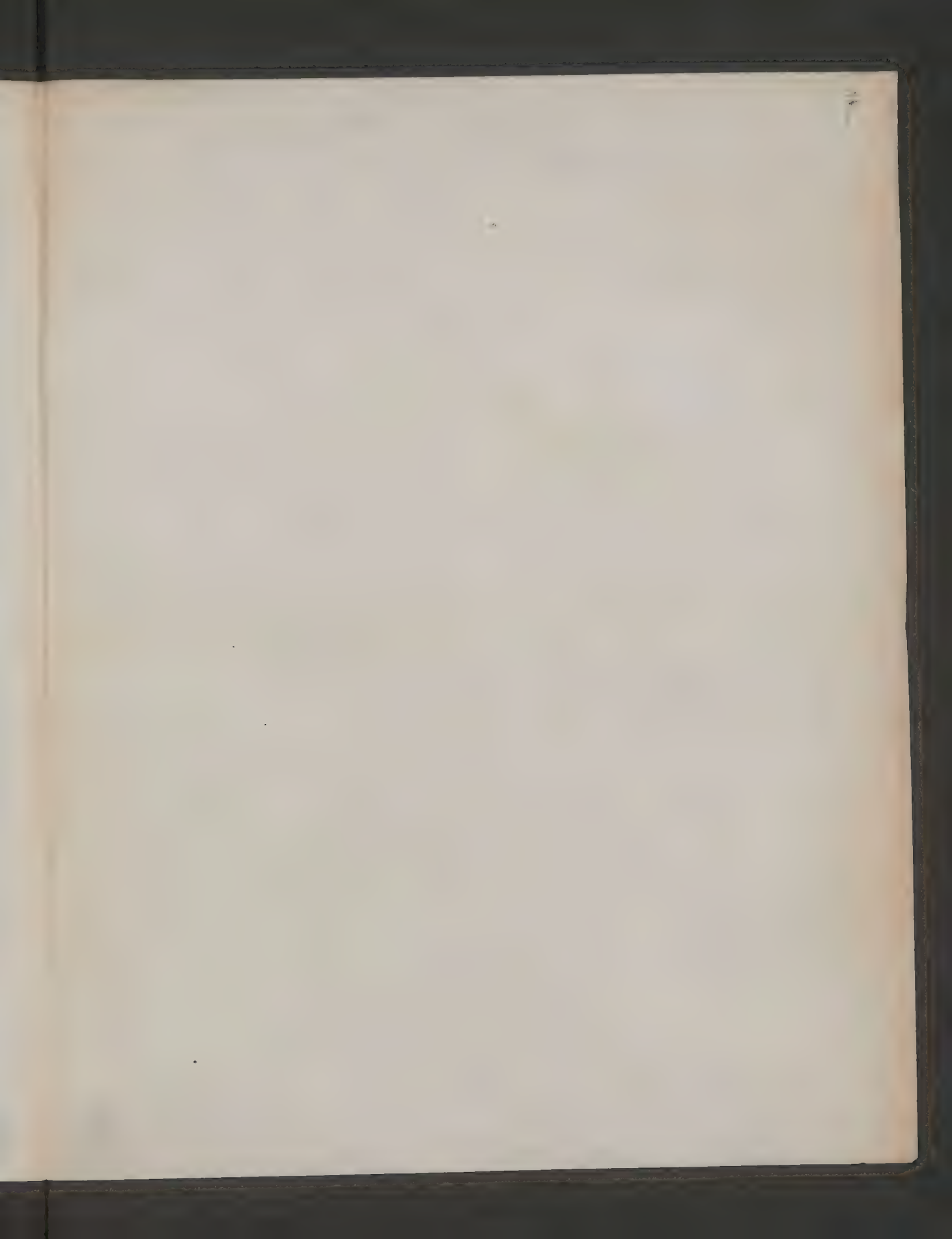
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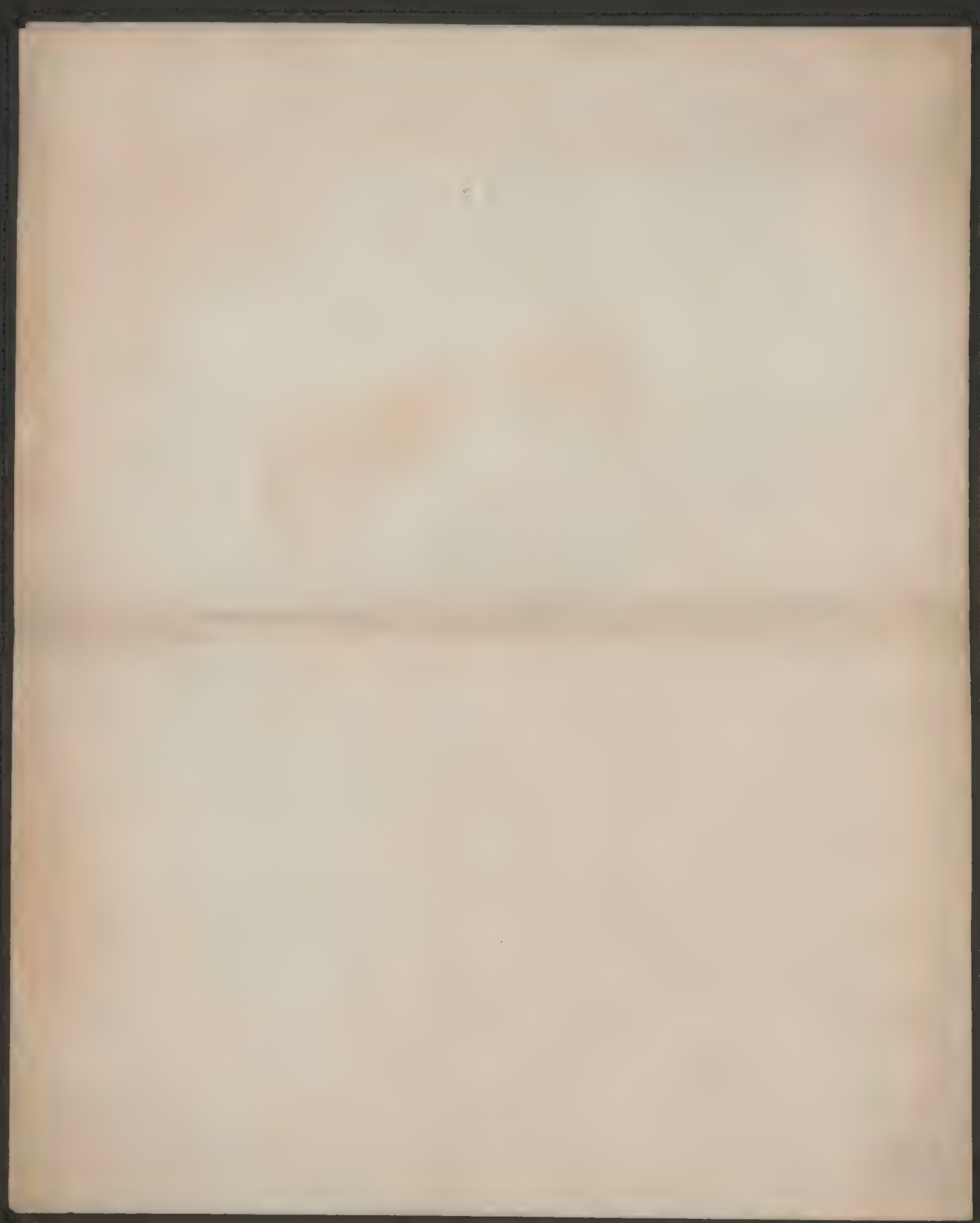
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John Hall. My dear friend
The way in which you have
been working, and the
length of time you have
been working, is a great
testimony to your
perseverance and
the value of the
work you are doing.
I am very glad to
hear of your success
and hope you will
continue to work
hard and achieve
more and more
success in the
future.







Whose streamer to the gentle west breeze
Long floating flutters light,
Beneath whose ^{plumes} ~~serpent~~ whose crimson canopy
There lay reclin'd a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast,
 On dais the stately swan,
 And lightly up the parting tide,
 The little boat came on.

And soon in Margaret became
The wife of Knicker.

Like morning dreams of happiness
That rattle the months away,
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blase as they?

Yet Knicker would sometimes seat
Absorbed in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught.

But soon he raised his looks again
And smiled he scarce away,
And in the hall so gaily
Was known like him so gay.

And onward rolled the weaning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret heard Knicker
Hailed with a father's name.

But silently to Knicker
O the little infant see,
What surely in the tender gaze
A gloomy man was he.

To a Friend.

And wouldst thou seek the land above
Where peace delights to dwell,
Pause traveller in thy way of life;

With many a snare and peril rife
 To that long labyrinth of road;
 Dark is the mist of years before
 Peace Traveller on thy way,
 Nor care thy dangerous path explore
 Till old experience comes to lend
 His guiding ray.

But he who comes with lantern light
 Shall guide thy groping pace aright
 With flattering feet and slow;
 No, let him rear the stature on high;
 And every snare shall meet thine eye,
 And every snare and every thought;
 Then, with sturdy step and strong,
 Traveller shalt thou march along,

Though power invite thy to her hall,
 Regard nor thou her tempting call;
 Her splendours, meters of care
 Though courteous flattery there await
 And wealth adorn the room of state
 There stalks the sinister spectre Care,
 Peace Traveller! does not tugom there,
 If Fame allure thy, climb not thou
 O'er that steep mountain's craggy brow
 Where stands her stately pile;
 For far from thine eyes Peace abide,
 And thou shalt find Fame's favouring smile
 Cold as the feeble sun on thick-laid snow ^{side}
~~Divide~~ 'In Traveller' as thou hopest to find
 That low and loved above.

Retire thee from the thronging road
And shun the mob of human kind,
Ah! He is now a Experience skull,
Fly, fly the Crowd of Knaves and fools,
And thou shalt fly from war.

The one thy fearless heart will ~~the~~ greet
With such smile and thou wilt meet
In every full a Thought.

So safely must thou pass from this
And reach secure the home of peace,
And Friendship find thy there
No happier state can mortal know
No happier, let her earth, below
If love thy lot shall share

Let still content with him may dwell
Whom Hymen will not bless
And virtue sajoorn in the cell
Of Hermet happiness.

Hymn for the Dead

of the day of the last. Resurrected
Sir. Walter Scott.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be this sinners day.
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When shivering like a parched desert,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When thunder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead?

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On that day that wretched day,
When man to judgement wakes from slay,
Be then the straggling sinners' day,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Flushed is the heap, — the ~~illustrat~~ gone
And did he wander forth alone
Alone in indignance and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No, — close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arise the Minstrals' ^{long} tower,
A simple hut, but there was seen
The little garden edged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and native gleam
Where sheltered wanderers, by the blame,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
Nor much he loved to open his door,
And give the air he began before
So passed the winter's day, but still;
When summer invited on sweet Bowhill
And sunny eve, with balmy breath,
Whipped the blue bells on Newark's leaf;
When thrushes sang in three-head show,
And corn was green on better leigh
And flowers, broad black and rose, oak
The aged Harper's soul awake.
Then would he sink a chieftain's high,
And circumstances of chivalry;
And till the wrapt traveller would stay,
Nor get far of the closing day,
And noble youths the strain to hear,

Forget the hunting of the deer,
And Yarrow as he roars along,
Have e'en to the Minstrel's song.

The Island.

At morn the black-coke brims his jutting wing,
 His morning prompts to the ^{pure} ~~line~~ & blithest lay
 All nature's children feel the ^{sun} ~~maternal~~ spring
 Of life reviving, with reviving day;
 And while you look back, glide down the bay,
 Welting the stranger on his way again,
 How's genial influence ^{forming} ~~caused~~ a minstrel's glee,
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard the strain
 Mix'd with the sounding harp O' white-haired
 Allan-bane.

Song.

Walter Scott's the lady of the lake

Not faster yonder rowers' might
 Things from their oars the spray,
 Not faster yonder ripples bright,
 That track the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,
 Than men from memory raise
 The benefits of former days;
 When, stranger go, good speed thy while,
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

High place to thy imperial court,
 High place in battle time,
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,
 The honours ^{recompense} need be thine;
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind and dear,
 And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

song continued.

But if beneath yonder southern sky
 A plumed stranger roam, ~~whose~~
 Whose drooping crest and startled sight,
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
 Tine for his highland home,
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show

The care that tracks a wanderer's way;
Remember then thy hap, eve while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

Or if, on life's uncertain main
Whisker shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Wee, want, and exile then sustain
Beneath the thickest gale,
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed
On thine bliss, courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kinder worth shall smile,
Do grieve thee, in the lonely isle! —

Hymn to the Virgin.

Ave Maria. Maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, on coast, and soiled —

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother hear a suppliant child

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria. 'undefiled.'

The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with town of river piles,
 If thy protection hover there;
 The murky cavern's heavy air
 Shall breathe of calm if thou best smile;
 Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother list a suppliant child

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! 'Stainless Sister!
 Ount demons of the earth and air,
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair:
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconcile;
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
 And for a father hear a child.

Ave Maria.

With and age.
Robert Southey.

With cheerful step the traveller
 Pursues his early way,
 When first the dimly-dawning call
 Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his raggy road,
 He hastens up the height,
 And all he sees and all he hears,

But only give Delight.

And if the mist retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapour hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when the behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller,
Pursues his evening way.

Scarcely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And how with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear,
He finds some unseeing precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerful does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of weary age.

Song. Walter Scott.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say mine brain is warped and wrong.
I cannot sleep on Othman's braid,
I cannot pray in Othman's tongue.

But where I now where I have glides
Or heard my native ivan Tides,
So sweetly where I rest and pray
That heaven would close my winter day.

'Twas thus my heavy burden bore
They bade me to the church repair
Twas my bridal morn they said
And my stone love would meet me there.
But was he still the sweet girl?
That I once met, here, the morning smile
And was he still the young man?
I only marked the sob and sighs. —

Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound ^{leaps} to his bow,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive ^{ward}.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest's green,
With bended bow and blood hounds free
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the toll of Time,
From yond ^{leisure} ^{to} ^{the} ^{castle} ^{drawn} ^{to} ^{him}.
Or mark it ^{as} ^{the} ^{sunbeams} ^{fall} ^{on} ^{the} ^{wall}.
Each after each, along the wall.
The lark was wont to sing, ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{spring},
The sabbath ^{more} ^{my} ^{western} ^{ring},
Whose towers, ^{although} ^a ^{king's} ^{they} ^{be},

Have out a ball of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn. I rise
And see myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through
And ~~home I went~~ homeward wind with evening breeze
As blithesome welcome, blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While flows the eve on wing of glee,
What life is left to love him more? —

Jaspar.

Robert Southey.

Jaspar was poor and rich and want
Had made his heart like stone,
And jaspar looked with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Towards the close of day,
And loitered on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

A traveller came he waited long
And after looked around,
And pause and listened eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sat him down beside the stream
That crossed the lonely way,

So fair a ^{scene} time might well have charmed
All evil thoughts away.

The sat beneath a willow tree
That cast a trem'ling shade,
The gentle river full in front
A little island made.

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Placed slowly to the breeze.

He listened: and he heard the wind
That waved the willow tree,
He heard the waters flow along
And murmur quietly.

He listened for the traveller's tread,
The nightingale sung sweet...
He started up for now he heard
The sound of coming feet;

He started up and caught a start
And waited for his prey.

There came a lonely traveller
And Jaspur watched his way.

But Jaspur's throat and ^{eyes} ~~mouth~~ ^{eyes} failed
The traveller to approach.
He would not lightly give the purse
That held his little all.

While he struggled, but he strove
With ~~superstition~~ ^{strength} the in-pain,
Beneath his blows he felt and groined,
And never spoke again.

He lifted up the murdered man
And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water ^{lean} then
He scathed his hands from blood.

The water's eddies round the corpse
And bent his hands from gore,
The willow waved the stream flowed on
And murmured as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The flood the murderer spelt,
And Gaspar's conscience never knew
The wailing god of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had contumel
The gate he gained so ill,
And yet of secret guilt possessed
And he was never still.

One eve beside the almshouse fire
He sat as it befell, at
When in there came a ~~hale~~ ^{hale} ~~booming~~ ^{booming} man
Whom Gaspar knew full well.

He sat him down by Jasper's side
Of my friendly man, for spite of honest toil, the world
Went there with John a man.

~~He sat by Jasper's side
A friendly man~~

He sat him down by Jasper's side
A friendly man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went there with John a man.

That toil a little earned, and he
With little was content
But sickness in his wife had fallen
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones
He spared the scanty meat,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretchedness felt.

That very morn the landlord's pious
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee
And stood by Jasper's side he sat
And not a word said he.

Nay - why so Downcast, & Sappas cries,
Come cheer up Johnathan.
Drink, neighbour Drink! it will warm thy heart
~~It will warm thy heart.~~ Come! come! take courage
man.

He took the urn that Sappas gave
And soon he drained it quick;
I have a wife said Johnathan
And she is deadly sick

She has no bed to lie upon
I saw them take her bed
And I have children: would to God
What they said I were dead!

Our Land-Lord! he goes home to night
And he will sleep in peace,
I would that I were in my grave
For there all troubles cease

In vain I pray'd him to for ever
Although a wealth enough has he
Yet be to him as merciful!
As he has been to me

When Sappas saw the poor man's soul
On all his ill's intent,
He played him with the harrowing song
(And with him forth he went.)

This turn Lord on his homeward journey
It were easy now to meet
The road is long & lonely Johnathan
And vengeance man is sweet.

He listened to Tempter's voice,
 He thought it made him start.
 His head was bent and wretchedness
 Had harrowed now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
 And waited for their prey.
 They sat them down beside the stream
 That crossed the lonely way.

They sat them down beside the stream
 And never a word they said,
 They sat and listened sightlessly
 To hear the traveller tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark
 No star was in the sky
 The wind it waved the willow boughs,
 The stream flowed quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
 Sweet sang the nightingale,
 The sound of John Barrow was so then,
 His heart began to fail.

It is weary waiting here, he cried
 And now the hour is late - -
 He thinks, he will not come to night
 It is useless more to wait.

Have patience man the wifian said
 A little we may wait,
 But longer shall his wife expect
 Her husband at the gate.

When John ~~Thax~~ grew sick at heart,
His conscience yet is clear,
Jasper. It is not yet too late
I will not linger here

How now, ever Jasper why I thought
Your conscience was asleep.

No more such qualms, the night is dark
The river bank is deep.

What matters that John ~~Thax~~
Whose blood began to freeze,
When there is one above whose eye
The deeds of Darkness see?

We are safe enough said Jasper then
If that be all thy fear,

For I eye below, nor eye above
Can pierce the Darkness here.

That instant as the murderer spoke
When came a sudden light,
Strong as the midday sun it shone,
Through all around was night.

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view to paplar isle
And all the sign of blood

The Traveller who journeyed there
He surely has espied
A man who has his home
Upon the river side

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His cheek is pale; his eye with
this look bespeaks despair;
For Jasper since that hour has made
this home ~~uns~~ bettered there.

And fearful are his dreams at night
and dread to him the day,
He thinks upon his ungodly crime
and never dares to pray.

The summer sun's, the winter storms,
Over him: an heedful roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's will.

Coronach

Walter Scott.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is gone to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sweetest;
The font, reappearing,
From the rock-drops shall be born,
But to us comes no cheering
No Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Wakes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper

Wails mantled and glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Went the ~~river~~ that the searce,
But our ~~flow~~ was in flushing
When ~~blowing~~ was nearest.

Speed foot on the eve
Sage council in lumber,
Drew hand in the ~~gray~~
How soon is thy slumber
Like the ~~saw~~ on the mountain.
Like the foam on the river,
Like the ~~spoke~~ on the fountain
Thou art gone and for ever!

Introduction

of the lay of the last Minstrel

J. Walter Scott.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day
Of the harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The best of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border Chivalry.
'For, well a day! their fate was fere

The turf all brethren all were dead,
 And he neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest,
 No more on pining pathos born
 He crept, light as bark at noon;
 No longer exerted and careered
 High placed in, that, a welcome guest,
 He found, to love and long gay,
 The unimpaired day.

The times were changed, old manners gone
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 The big game of the iron time
 Who called his harmless not a crime
 A wandering Harper's Lorraine had poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And turned to please at peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed, where, towards stately tower
 Looked out from Garrison's birchen tower
 The minstrel gazed with wishful eye
 No humbler resting-place was nigh
 With hesitating steps at last,
 The embattled portulago he passed
 Whose ponderous great and massy bar
 Had oft rather back the tide of war,

But never closed the ~~iron~~ door.
Against the desolate and poor.
The ^{Duchess} ~~Duchess~~ marked his weary pace
His timid mien, and reverend face.
And gave her page the menial's toll
What they should tend the old man well:
For she knows adversity, though born in such
Though born in such a high degree,
In pride of powers, in beauties bloom,
Had wept over Minmouth's bloody town.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified
Began to rise his minstrel's pride:
And he began to talk a noise
Of good Earl Francis dead and gone
And of Earl Walter rest him soon!
It ~~breathes~~ never took battle sound;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Besseluck;
And worth the noble duchess's sign
To listen to an old man's strain.
Though stiff his frame, his voice though weak,
He thought when yet he ought to speak,
What, if she loved the heart to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained
 The aged minstrel audience gained.
 But, when he reached the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied:
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please,
 And since long past of joy and pain,
 Came wandering over his aged brain:
 He tried to tune his harp in vain:
 The pitying duchess praised his chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string according glees
 Was blown into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would fall from
 The court recall an ancient strain,
 He never thought to sing again.
 It was not for some fee, or stage charms,
 But for high dames and mighty ears;
 He had played it to King Charles the good,
 When he kept court in Holly-wood;
 And much he wished yet feared to try,
 The long forgotten melody.
 And the strings his fingers strayed,
 And an uncertain warbling made
 And oft he shook his hoary head.
 But when he caught the measure wild,

The old man smiled his face, and smile;
And lightened up his faded eye;
With tell a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong
He swept the sounding cords along;
The present sign, the future lot,
His toils, his wars, were all forgot.
Pole diffidence, and ages frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory vain,
The poet's glowing thoughts supplied,
And, while his harp responsive rang,
It was thus the latest Minstrel sang.

Ravager

Robert Southey.

Bright on the mountains / heavy slope
The rays last splendours shine,
And reach with many a radiant hue,
Illumed gaily of the Rhine.
From many a one from Walther's walls
Along the river's threshold, strolled
Its ruffling over the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.
So as they strider a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by the silver chain the crew
Set little boat along.

Ho: Campbell -

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Lines on Scotland.

And have I lived to see thee sword in hand
Fall once again, immortal British name!
Thou'st play'd bring me than chivalry to mine,
And leaves thee Tricolor in shade behind;
A theme for uninspired lip too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:
Majestic man, whose face has dazzled youth,
Wh' 'ere your gate a suppliant comes my breath;
Whilst crying customs true to wit and steel,
I feel me more than fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
Th' half-pettying servile mouth that calls you good;
For England mocks you with her glee,
Who hates, but dares not chide, the Imperial Thief;
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany that has no soul at all,

States, quailing at the Giant overgrown;
Whom 'Dauntless' Stone gizzards with alme!
To ye are rich in fame & in whilst ye live;
We cannot aid you — we are gods indeed.

In fate's defiance — in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her immortality.

The Butcher, ^{the} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~redem~~ ^{redem} ~~now~~,
Could not tear Mary's garland from her brow;
Mangled, fished, the victim falls renoun'd,
And all her ashes will be ~~holy~~ ground!

But turn my study from passages so dark:

Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark,
That's kindled by Heaven to mark the ^{great} ^{ing};
She, like the eagle, will renew her age;
And fresh historic flames of Fame put on, —
Another Athens after Marathon,
Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
Come — haste the heavens' arch my tale to send
Are not its ^{fine} ^{gates} ^{with} ^{excess} ^{of} ^{joy};

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Come, but the day when Poland's fight is won —
And on my voice — — — — —
The day that sent Poland's cathedrals down
With endless ensigns ravished from the foe,
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Other pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The ~~rich~~ ^{rich} ~~halls~~ ^{halls} of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
The mighty dead seen suffused o'er their tombs,
O'ershadowed Europe's saviour — Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance — Kosciuszko's shall be there;
The Pope's pomp the Statute's swell,
Shall o'er the land's Devotion cast a spell,
Still visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
Should Fate put far — far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime

Who act, or by ^{your} sufferance share the crime,
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against thee. "Deep Damnation" of the Deceit.
Germany, ye view it's horror and disgrace
With cold phos^{phoric} eyes and phlegm of face.
La ~~Allemagne~~ ^{Allemagne} perform insinuations, lies,
And Minstrel art. — her shame is but the more
To rot and dream by governments oppressive,
The spirit of a book — warm in each breast.
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitution's or your aim:
But all your vows to break the tyrants yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke!
'Heaven's!' can no ray of foresight pierce the lead
And mystic metaphysic of your heads,
Ye show the self same grave, 'Oppression Delves
'For Freedom: right, is y^earning for your selves
See, whilst the Pole, the Vanguard of France,
Has ~~rolled~~ ^{vaulted} on his back and couched the lance

France turns from her abandon'd friends aghast,
 And sculth the ~~dear~~ that provide for patriot flesh;
 Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
 With dying curses and then groans of those
 That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
 Frenchmen! the ~~dead~~ accuse you from the dust—
 Brown! laurels! ~~blooms~~ mark'd with manna dew?
 For France that wore her legend's noblest star,
 Last dumb reproach from the gate of Death,
 On Gallie honour; and this broken faith,

Has nott' you more of fame — the life of life —
 Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife?

~~And what~~
 And what of England — is she steep'd so low
 In poverty, crest fallen and pallid so,
 That we must ~~set~~ much ~~rough~~ ^{but} ^{timorous} more,
 With Murder knocking at our ^{neighbour's} door.
 Not Murder mask'd and ^{cloak'd} ~~and~~ ^{cloak'd}, with hidden knife,
 Whose owner might the gallow's life for life ^{owe};
 But Public Murder! that with pomp and gain,

And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than ever were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the Daemon's assassin's haunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation: sigh and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fear,
Or timid rapine - stopp'd the world's highway;
Were this same common strife - of States embroil'd;
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and asking time to breathe

Still honourably wear her olive wreath.

But this is darkness combatting with light:
Earth's reverse. Principles for Empire fight
Oppression, that has belted half the globe;
Vasbas his knout could reach or dagger probe,
(Holds necking ~~over~~ our brother - freeman slain
That dagger - shakes it at us in disdain;

Talks big to freedom's states of Soland's thrall
And trampling one, contempt to them one and all.

My country, colours not three once proud been
At this effort. - Most then not fleets enough
With Flory's Steamers, left as the bark,
Gave - fluttering - in each channel ^{bearing bark},
To warn th' insulters seas with barbarous blood,
And intercept his flag from bearn's floor.
Even now far off the sea-cliff where I sing
I see, my Country and my Patrie thing.
Your ensign glai the deep. Scudlon and slow
It was ship rides while Heaven's prismatic bow
Apprises behind her on th' horizon's back
Shines flushing through the subtle, shrouds, and slugs,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic glare,
My soul accepts the women, fancy's eye
Was sometimes a veracious augury.
The rainbow types Heaven promise to my sight,
The ship Britanic's interposing sight.

But if there should be none to aid you, Ned,
 To lift to prouder pitch mine up your souls,
 Their example, pity, prayer or blame,
 To save our race a boundless field of shame.
 Ask aid no more from stallions that forgot
 Their championship - old Europe's mighty debt.
 Though volcanoes like I has burst the gloom,
 He rises not a beggar from the tomb;
 In fortune's frown, on danger's giddy brink,
 Spain and Poland's name must never link.
 All ill have bounds - plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood,
 Even rivers can spill but boundless sums of blood.
 States carrying not what Grecian's price might be,
 May late or soon but must at last be free;
 For body killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul the hereditary will
 That downward as from sire to son it goes
 By shifting basins more intensely glows.
 And their doom is the hearth and slaughter's men
 Bright fiercer in their orphan's eyes again

Poland recasts, though ~~rich~~ in heroes old,
Her men in more and more heroic mould:
Her eagle - ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle - strength of mind:
Her praise upon my faltering lips expires:
Assume it younger bards and nobler lyres.

The Power of Russia

Is all this gallant blood has quench'd in vain?
And Poland by the Northern Condor's beak
(And talons torn, ^{lies} ~~lay~~) prostrated again.
O British patriots, that were wont to speak
In loud tones on these themes, now hush and muck
O heartless men of Europe. Gosh and Gosh!
Told, and deaf to Poland's dying shriek; —
What saw the world's last name of heroes fall
The brand of burning shame is on you all, all, all.
But this is not the drama closing act.

Its tragic curtain must arise anew,
Nations, mute accessories to the fact.

That upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast over you
The lengthening shadow of its heart's hate
A deadly shadow, carbonizing, Nature's hue.

Wo all that is hallowed, righteous, pure, and great,
Ho, 'wo' when they are reach'd by Russia's withering hate.

Russia! that on this throne of adamant,
Consents what nation's breast shall next be gored:

He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard of flesh; and, herds succeeding herds,
On patriots' tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slaughter of the free.
When Europe's realms, when their best blood is poured
Shall miss thee, Poland! as they bend the knee,
All, all in grief, but none in glory likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he rest'd?
O, fair occasion, gone for ever by!

Go have lock'd his lances in their northern field,
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
What flames and hurstles from yon boreal sky!
Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
Once Poland; build the bristling castles high;
Dig Dungeons deep; for Poland's wretched land
Is now a weapon new to widen thy command
An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build
Thy fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dan
The globe of fifty kingdoms shall be lid!
To see his sailing, desolating train,
Camp's sunless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic
main:
And hosts, I own, but a page could not write,
And Rome, half barbarous, count Schiaischain:
To Russia's spirit, midst Slavonic night,
Burns with a fire more real than a Polish light.
But Russia's limits / so blunder statesmen say /

Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.

O, lamentable weakness! reckoning weak
The stripling titan, strengthening year by year.
What implement lacks he for war's career;

That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Orion's star
Declines!

But time will teach the Rus, even conquering
War's handmaid always, ay, the Rus will be
All sciences that Spain's Bullion's ear,
All murder's tactics arts, and win them too;
But never holier Muses shall imbue

His breast, that's made of nature's basest
clay.
The sabre, kneel, and cannon's vapour blue
His laws and ethics far from him away
Are all the lovely line, that breathe but
Freedom's day.

say, even his self, half-humanized, should learn
their human rights, — will then put out his flame
In Russian bosom. No, he'll bid them burn
at thousand years for nought but martial fame,
like Romans: — yet forgive me, Roman name!
Rome could impart what Russia never can;
And civic rights to solve submission's shame,
For strife is coming, but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.
Come thou of old! Mohammed's sword reared
Before thy swoop: had we been timely told,
That swoop, still free, had shamed the Russ, and felt
Earth's new oppressors, as it foiled her old.
How thy majestic eyes are shut and cold:
And where still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic shadow, that we outhold.
But thou, when we are gone, the world will miss,
How the front of fate, and lot for human

To hallow it, have ye fulfill'd your part,
My pride repudiates ~~and~~ the right that blames
With Britain's name — name written on my heart.
My knees, my grief consecrated friends!

Your sorrows, in nobility, transcend.

Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame
Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear be keen;
I would ye change your conscience, name, and name,
For his, with all his wealth, and all his glory fame.

Thou, Mickiewicz, whose song of stirring power
Has been for me to sound in Polish lands;

Thou, Karłowicki in thy banish'd bower,

The patricide, who in thy palace stands,

May envy proudly may Polonia's bands

Thrust down their swords at Europe's feet in morn,
Saying — 'Russia from the velvet of these lands

Hall, forge the fellers of your sons unborn;

Our setting star is your misfortune's rising morn.

Wzrost Piasek Batulskiego. [Kopie, 1845]

O! ja nigdyś byłem sławny!

Teraz wy wiecie, co sławny znaczy.

Niech więc miś łacisz się!

Uważaj, choćbyś nie chciał sławny!

On tylko jeden prawdę wam powie:
Jemu więc wiecie jak koronować!

Słysz — słysz — to dzieło moje!

To jest kłopot, niebo trawny —

Łeżący, łeżący na ziemi i boję!

A ciążących pragnień iś niegarnię!

A tak ma trzeba niebo i stonę!

Leż tylko za nim pędzi bez konia!

I nie go w pędzie wstrzymać nie dola!

Ani uroczaj uenie oary,

Ale kładzie głowę anie!

I blaskiem słońca — miłogim sto rary!

Proszę pokory! — to tacy smierci!

Niechaj tylko niebo i stonę!

Wig jam był gólcem - i gólcio bardem -
Cudnie to było to nasze grono!

A ta myśla wiecznie w słonie rewrocona
I z tem ramieniem młodzieńcem, bardem,
Po prawej nieba i prawej ręki świata,
Chci się spoj - wiekac, i z brata

A tu tam - w koto piaszeryte wykona

- Kby umyslnie stane mogity...

Pracem się z gletu skielek wymusza

Trylej - kielek, uczem one były...

A! te mogity Arabistann...

Do tylko stary stop kuraganu!

Im to farysów pochłonał w sobie!

Pochłonał igułem braci Kochanych!

Sam tylko już został na grobie

A na grobie gólców - już zapomnianych!

Czy to jestaska ci kara nieba

Allah iye kara! - wiec iye po kaba!

Jaś młode orle i tamarzem skrytem,
Co się już nigdy w niebo niewiniecie

Łęgi, dykiem gadał, gnuśnym, pretrydtem,
W tych szorstkich murów ciastym zakresie...
Ha, przenieżale! spiewaj! Tajem!
Dyko kabawnie - bo nie aptaję!

O! wicenna klan'bo! wicenna kromoto!
Ja farys, piewca z niebios na te kłany,
Wini ma, na ziemskie pretraję tony,
Cien' mę, potrawki linaty, za to to!
Dy uem o kupie! uen' udnij! strzechy!
Dobry glosy! z ugodz dydrac smiechy!

Oni niewiedzą, że wicenna pień
Jest jako ilone na niebios skłepie,
Co na uciekających koga skimienie
Kwici! ugniewcom! kłagaczom ustepie!
I przelice! stanem nieptajise za to,
Ze ciez, kławionny, poi ciawata!

Oni niewiedzą, że wicenna pień
Jak ow' uicwiedzi! ogien' mitate!
Co ja niebiańskie! swoje! wygłowy
Nie nie niepragnie! proci! uiajemnotai!

Spindawae' mitose' kan'ba' kobicie!
Opnecawae' spiewy — kan'ba' poecie!

Precie' la, kan'ba' wloby' dais' igie!
Allohe! jabis' dzegryda' mnie drago!
Spiesze' nieraz, ktos' niby skrycie,
Ktoby' poicida' powie: za drago.
Na drago mowisz, ... powiezenie' tracie
W jakiejn' wy' cenie' rzuc' spokradzie!
Bo stachaj — pieśń' ma' to czapka' igie!
Tam jest krew moja, tam są łzy moje;
I mego serca głośne' townie' bicie
I me' moich i myśli' roje!
I kania' ieby' dostać, wyjawie',
Mutez, wprzód' serce' mocno' rozkrzewie'.
Wier' co? za drago... o' bacy'nie' smiesi!
Gdyby' wam' przysła' igiem' syma' eye;
Jak ja, pelikan, rozrywae' pierś;
Try' kowi' na' ciez' stota' dosta' eye;
W jakiejn' ieby' cenie' była' kropielka
Kowi' lub, try' wiecej — choiby' niewie' ska!

Mcziarnia wieniec w chwili tworenia
 To boleć matki w chwili pierdzenia

He wstajęcia do swego płodu
 Tyle wstajęcia do swego istnienia
 He on pieśni. Stał was stworzyć,

Otyła krokon grób swój przysypał.

Cracow w dołtku - istny w blaski
 Szerecy swodne - wstętko mi jedno.
 Nam tych błyskawie przetatne blaski
 (nam ich gromotności - trwałość bieda;
 Wane pochwały - to to się dzieje;
 Wane pochwały - to to sławim two.

Jy syn rozpaczę, pieśnią dołacko
 W grób, co mu droga matkę ukrywa,
 Ciem memowicie, ie słier nie płacę
 Ciem memowicie, ie ci cracow spiewa
 Jak ta matka na matki gracie
 Ty sama szerecy spiew mój ma tu sobie.

A więc, porucze marne pochwały,
 Ty, spiew mój święty jako matka
 Nie latie wieniec - wiesaniem przysłały.

Wiem, takie wieńce Depce przeklina!
Lud jego wielki i wiecznie młody
Tęci — o innej rade nagrody!

Nagroda pierwszy — to cisza owa
Wielka, uroczysta, z której dogadnie,
Te w duszach wielki zamiar się kłowa,
Co biedny światu nagromi wachwładnie!
Cisza, co mówi, że piarno wschodzi
I mgieł — kwiat wkrótce owoc — wypróduje!

Nagroda pierwszy — to te spojrzenia,
Co świecą, za tegoż duszy wulkanem.
Próżnie, milczące Woni ścisnienia
Z walek niemiernego w pieści i tłumianem;
I owa chmura ciemniejsza mrota,
Z której potyska miedzi i rzeźbiana!

To mi nagroda... ja m ją odbieram
W koto mnie wali bracia faryz,
Kiedy pieśń moją, sercem poiera,
Nim ma wnikata w ich twarz męską,
I krew tych serc wielkich, w ich myślach mianem

Śmiesz się w drodze przewodnia gwiazda! 50

Trąsy znikli! - głucho na stepach!
A w stepie pyła; ah! smutniej jeszcze
Prasami tylko wiatr răscesnę
Dma po wywianych śladach stepach!
On wszystko wywiał - wszystko przewiał,
Co było motą, prawdziwą, chwiałą,

O! i inni poca spoczę w mogile,
Kasnął ten braci błogostawionych!
Aż ścisły, ścisły, a meżarni tyle
Gdy głos Allah buchnął, uspiomych
Ia Dwor rajskie światła ogrady,
I ja niebiański dom na nagrody.

W tym boskim rajach w tym siódmym niebie,
W waszej ofierze, o! prawowierci!

Allah mnie wielki wzwie do siebie,

Wznie mi głowę ten wiecie z cierni

Śmieję, tyle krwi przysięknęta!

Wyrwie mi z serca pamięć przekłętą!

Tęskni nieprzezwyciężenie

I rzeknie: stanię jak Padiśacha!
Ja, -- żi nie spytę nawet w ich lice,
Ale z pokorą powiem: Alla ha!
Ja'm tylko prawy smutek na świecie!
Czyż także miłość znajduje w kobiecie?!

Wiedzę, kuryssy, choćby pieknie przeję
Co też, co'm niegdyś bochał na ziemi --
Ten ja nie ganię, dany twojemu --
Ja tylko żępi błągam pól niejszych...
da wszystkim, wszystkim, twoje kuryssy
Wiedzę, wstana, moi bracia faryssy...

Sporwół, porwół choćby na chwilec
Kłopotu nam jesien w nasz kraj faryssów
I w dawnej naszej młodości sił,
Pobujki orlim lotem faryssów.
I pierz. Dawnym oierwici, bierem,
I dawnym natem zabłysną, bierem!

Allah wystrucha -- senet gromiące z toły
Wystraszą, w głąbi spiętych ty faryssów,
I okryk siewziła buchać w niebiosy..

Nie opuszczaj nas.
prześni

Do Matki Boskiej.

Nie opuszczaj nas, nie opuszczaj
Matko nie opuszczaj nas / bis,
Matko pociesz bo p. Tarczym
Matko prowadź bo zginiemy
Nie nas bockaich cierpienim
Nie nas cierpieć, lecz w miłobrodzie.
Nie opuszczaj nas nie opuszczaj nas
Matko nie opuszczaj nas, Matko nie opuszczaj nas.

Nie opuszczaj nas i d.
To ciwonego ze, try-
Gdy to życie ter dolina
Lesa smutkiem zamroczona
Pod ciżarem - Tryxa koma
Nie opuszczaj nas i d.

Nie opuszczaj nas i d.
Wyjednało Twe westchnienie

Nie jednemu już skawienie
Kto się ufać w Tobie toczył
Ciebie Tęskni i ciemny
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

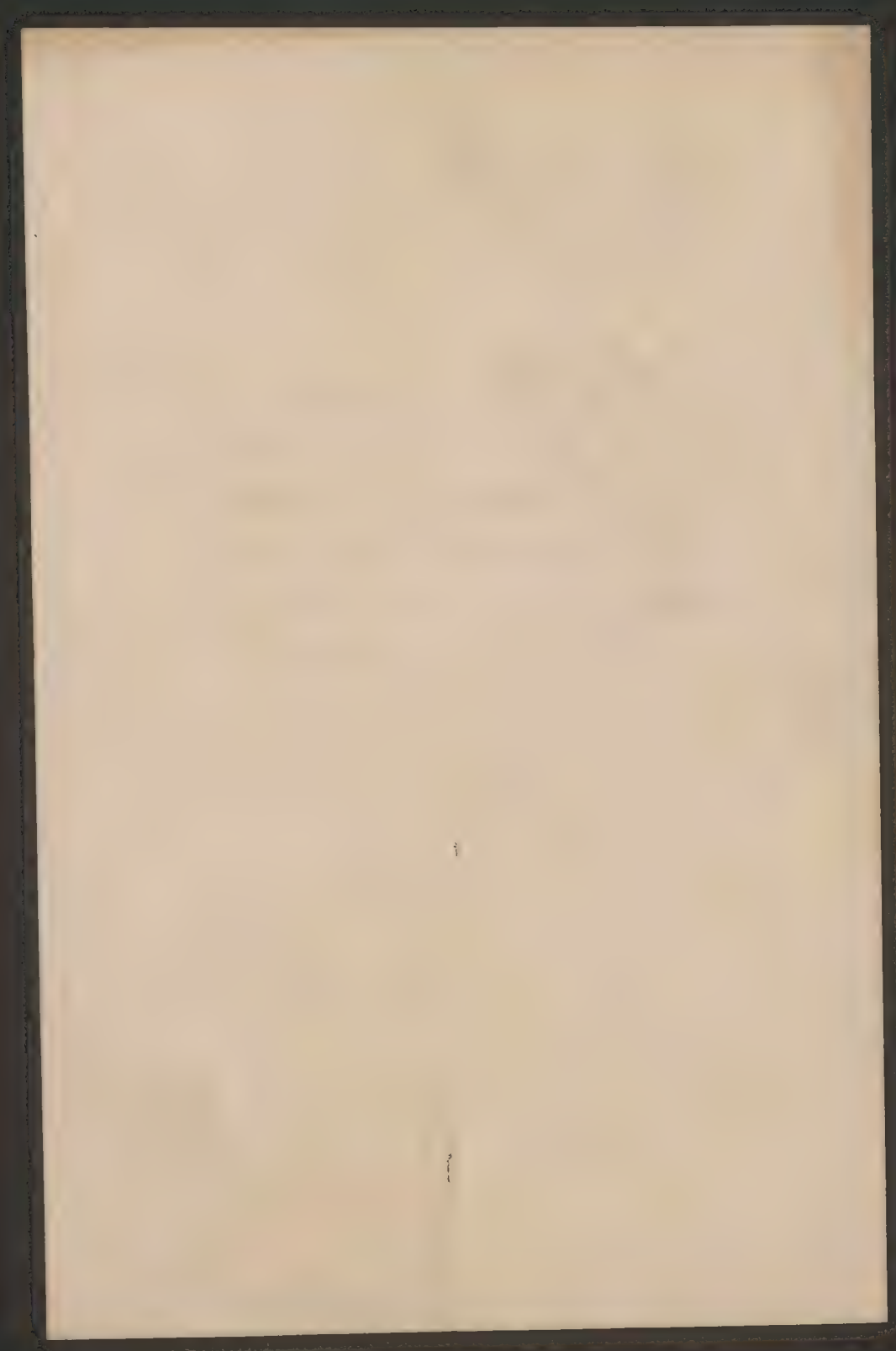
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
I dla tego Twoje imię
W sercach naszych nie rozgynie
Będziem wolać Ciebie prosić
Wśród nich równe cześć Twoją głosić!
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
I w ciemności opuszczenia
I w tęsknocie i w cierpieniu
I w ubóstwie i w chorobie
Zawnie będziem ufać Tobie.
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
Dziś i jutro i zawsze
Bo nas tylko Ty jesteś bliźni

Ho as kuxu oxi'ni u'etia.
Ho nam i'u u' kuxu uass
e'hi apuraj nas...

e'hi apuraj nas id.
It na' kuxu u'etia u'etia
It e'hi kuxu u'etia + Tahiti
Don't e'hi kuxu u'etia u'etia
U'etia u'etia kuxu u'etia u'etia
e'hi apuraj nas id.



Opieczę wasz kłanijo piot w niebie

Wiebie z pokorą, kłaniamy
 Ratusz Ojczyzny, w potrzebie
 Wsparcia Twojego czekamy

Świeci się Twoje sławo wzniosłe
 Wasz światło Ojciec i Panie
 Niechaj Polska wolność będzie
 Wzrostach wasz wotanie

Panie przesyła kłaniewo Twoje
 Rozważaj serce nasze
 Daj nam zawsze także Twoje
 Wzrostach wasz wotanie

Niechaj będzie Twoja Wola
 Jak w niebie tak i na ziemi
 Bożo usłucha nam ta niewola
 Wskazuj nam drogę zbawienia

A chleba nam powszedniego
 Daj dziś o Panie prosiemy
 Wzrostach wasz wotanie
 Niech tylko wstanie zwycięstwo

Daj nam go dzisiaj i zawsze

A my ucieczkę bierzemy chwalić
Twoje rady najtęższe
Leż tyłko nasz nas ocalić

A odpnie nam nasze winy
Bo my wrogom odpieraliśmy
Niek Ryłko i nasz kraj
Wyjść - o to też bógamy

Nie wódz nas na polowanie
Obe zdobywać krajów
Daj nam własne wyprawienie
Daj nam i udział w rządach

Alb nas zbaw ode wszystkiego
Od niewolniczej złości
Od rąk i broni wroga
Daj bożar i kocz i mój
Stwier

c Kado Chyotusa; c Kapsuicta c Karyjo,
 I jakim przychodem do świętego altara;
 iud woj bebronany, duki, crog zabija
 Kado kazy. Panki, woj stras unieważa!
 woj litosii clogany z brami,
 c Kado nasza przyjeżdżają na nami.

c Kado nasza gorce ukoronowana;
 gorce Polska; xwici na nas two ocy,
 i nasza gorce przeblagaj nam Pana;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy.
 c Kado nasza gorce.

c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy.

c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy;
 c Kado nasza gorce z nas two ocy.

[illegible]

I innych marciach kłóten wolności świeci,
 I wójsko usłuchać nie chce nieszczęsnym ludem,
 O! Matko! Matko! wybuchaj! twoi dzieci
 Wskreś! mam! Ojczyznę, jakimkolwiek cudem.
 Świętej Piosci...

Gdy Pan Łastojew słysząc nas ostoi,
Powstanie nara Gierzyna kochana,
Zwignie się silnia z mierzyle' swoich toni:
I będzie chwata Mieniowi Pana!
Twój Włodek...

Niech w swiętych miastach zagości pienia,
 nie Trzmiel obciąż wnosząc do Ciebie,
 Zabrzmi radośnie symfony dystrybucji niema;
 A nasie nozici powołany je w niebie.
 Bóg i utożsi błagamy nie Trzmiel,
 Okażko nara przyjdź się do namie!

Vreau a scrie. Poate se vede, de unde vine,
 C'ic'ă scriu, căci, dintr-o singură minte,
 Am scris, dară! se vede, că scriu, pentru mine,
 Măg' mi s'ar putea, scrie, dintr-o minte.
 Scriu, scriu, scriu, scriu, scriu, scriu,
 Scriu, scriu, scriu, scriu, scriu, scriu.



Rodziłem się w Atenach Magnat um odpow/e, i

I byłem Wielkorządcą jk moi przedkowie: /a

Lecz poniwż należycie, /e /a /e

Byłem chory całe życie,

Dlatego też w czynnościach weale nie niezgodzi, /o /b

do Krajem powierzonym mój sekretarz rządził — /o /e

Ale ty co robiłeś? jadłem, piłem, spałem, /e

A to co mi poddano wszystko podpisałem + /e

Więc dalej z nim do raj, za taką gorliwość!

Tu Merkury zawoła gdzież jest sprawiedliwość?

Zapomniawszy na grzeczność w takowej gonowie /i /o

Nie gniewaj się mój bracie pluton mu odpowie,

I czyli nie słyszałeś przyjaciela drogi,

Że nieboszczyk był głupi jak stołowe nogi:

Gdyby więc ten Jegomość, z taką ciasną głową /
 Był się kiedy zatrudnił czynnością rządową ;

Jak to bywają zwyczaje,
 Zgubił by ludzi i kraje;

A ty który tak jesteś na niedolą tkliwym,
 Niestarczył byś uśmierzać płaczu nieszczęśliwym ;

I dla tego to według słuszności zwyczaju, m

Mój pocziwy nieboszczyk musi iść do raju —

O iluż to jest takich } z których w każdym względzie, /

Nie jeden ztąd uszedłszy, pewno w Raju będzie.



